By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggedge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the
ſtand vpon ſound legs, how
you, that a man may deale wi

Baud. We haue one heere
But there neuer came her like

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deeds

Baud. Your honour knowe

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call fo

Boult. For fleſh and bloo
Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe ind

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be mode

Lyſ. That dignifies the r
giues a good report to a numb

Enter

Baud. Heere comes that wh
Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue
Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honou
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue y

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo

Baud. Next, hee's the Gou
whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the
deed, but how honourable he

Baud. Pray you without an
vſe him kindly? he will line y

Mar. What he will do grac

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not
paines to worke her to your m
Honour and her together.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH